

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cotter.*



A TIMELY ARRIVAL.

THE NEIGHBOURS OF KILMACLONE.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONNEL'S TEMPTATION.

It was soon manifest to Kilmaclone that the individual whom Miss Regan had denominated "dhirt," and who, according to his own account, "tuk a laise o' the Lees for twenty-one years from Lord Frinch Park," was nothing more than Gerald Bourke's man of straw for the occasion. Scarcely had he and

his family taken possession of the inferior parts of the house—and, by the way, they never got farther—when a party of workmen from Athlone, house-painters, paper-hangers, and the like, arrived and began their duties at the Lees. The old substantial farmhouse which Cormick O'Dillon's grandfather had built, the best and most roomy dwelling in the parish, was to be modernised by painting and decorations, which in truth it required, and furnished as a suitable residence for Lord French Park's agent, who

was by this time tired enough of flitting from the amenities of the Moss to those of the ruined priory and back again. A bride was to be brought home there with whom, by all accounts, Jaimsay's daughter might contest the palm of beauty.

Mr. Bourke's temper had been cooled in the quarry-hole, where the "dance" he intended to have at the expense of both Honor and Fitzmaurice was brought to a termination, and he had to pay the piper himself. Admonished by that misfortune, the attorney's son returned to his native paths of prudence and profit, reserving only for his private solace the pleasures of legal revenge; and as a first step he concurred in the paternal project of a marriage with Miss Maguire.

The heiress of the late alderman possessed substantial charms, in the shape of bank stock and house property, though rather deficient in those which poets sing. She had reached a certain age, moreover, and now that the favoured but unregarding swain, Fitzmaurice, had abandoned at once his chances and his country, Miss Maguire was induced to lend an ear to her formerly despised suitor. The old attorney, indeed, did most of the wooing. It was said he contrived to make the fair one believe that the quarry-hole affair had been entirely on her account; but the flourishing state of his business, the amount of his savings, and the fact that Gerald would be heir of all, proved his most successful arguments. Young Bourke made two or three flying visits to Dublin. The lady had relatives who might have interfered with the courtship. He had reasons for keeping it a secret in Kilmacclone, so the announcement of the wedding in St. Patrick's Cathedral took people in general by surprise, but most of all it took Nancy Regan and her father. The methods by which Bourke worked upon their ignorance and folly, and made their hatred of the O'Dillons serve his own evil purposes, were worthy of his parentage and education; for while both father and daughter lived in hourly expectation of being requested to name the wedding-day, he had never once committed himself by anything approaching a promise. Jaimsay was believed to have worn out two pair of thick boots in his search for a lawyer who would undertake what he called an action for braich, and get paid or not according as it was lost or won; but as he had not a single line of Bourke's handwriting on the subject, a witness to bring forward, or any proof to quote but the orations of Terry O'Tool, and vague hints from the supposed-to-be-sighing swain that he and his daughter should not trouble themselves about the evil-doings of the family at the Lees, for they would one day see them brought low, while they were exalted and made the tip-top people of Kilmacclone, no limb of the law could be persuaded to take the case in hand on the liberal terms to which Jaimsay stuck fast.

As for his heiress, the general declaration of the people about the Moss was that she looked "liker an ould witch ivery day since the hearin o' that advisement." No sooner did Jaimsay return from his unsuccessful search, than she, it was said without his knowledge, flew to the magistrate before whom they had made the affidavits accusing Maurice O'Dillon, and informed him that herself, her father, and Terry O'Tool had sworn falsely in that matter at the instigation of Gerald Bourke. Nancy almost demanded an immediate prosecution, and offered to be the principal witness for the Crown, but the

worthy J.R. not wishing to have anything more to do with a business at once so wicked and so complicated, and which, moreover, would bring little credit to himself as the granter of the warrant, advised her to go home and keep the matter quiet, because Gerald Bourke could not be prosecuted on her evidence, but she and her father might get into the county gaol for perjury. Miss Regan took the magistrate's advice; but as regarded keeping the matter quiet it was not requisite. The neighbours who had witnessed her performance at the Lees on the night of the removal were astonished that no demonstration of her wrath and disappointment was afterwards made in the hearing of servant, friend, or gossip. Bourke himself, when he revisited the Moss in his usual routine between it and Ballinashandry, and accounted for his last journey to Dublin on the ground of some important business which his father could not manage without him, got no intimation of the paragraph read by Charlie Ross, much less of the search for the ingenious lawyer, and the confession made to the magistrate.

He was received, as the farm servants unanimously stated, with the same subservience and adulation by both father and daughter. His own town breeding made him undervalue the country-people's chances of getting intelligence. He chose to act the high and mighty agent, and was generally disliked, so he got no news of what happened in his absence; and knowing the unpopularity of the steps taken against the O'Dillons, it was Mr. Bourke's policy not to give anybody the opportunity of speaking to him concerning them or the Lees, till, as he expressed it, the matter blew over, and the tenants got accustomed to the new state of things. His man of all dirty work, Terry O'Tool, could not be found when he returned from Dublin. Terry had heard of the reading at the Lees, for the little hawkler durst not approach that scene of action since the affair of the signet ring, and with an instinctive knowledge of what might be expected, which neither Trinity College nor legal studies could give his patron, he had set out at once to visit an uncle he had among the mountains of Mayo, which was the most specific account his excellent parents could give of the locality.

Mr. Bourke's business had gone quite to his mind. His vengeance on the O'Dillons had been complete in all but the matter of the silver candlesticks; his man of straw was in the Lees, so were his workmen, proceeding with the necessary repairs; his marriage would not be published in Kilmacclone till everything was ready for the setting-up of his own establishment; and the Moss and the Regans, no longer necessary conveniences, could then be kept quiet, of course, for their lease was running to its end, like those of the other tenants. So the attorney's son calculated; but the self-confidence of bad men, which leads them to count on others as nothing but tools to be used and cast aside at pleasure, also leads them at times blindfold to their own destruction. Bourke would have reckoned differently could he have seen Nancy steal out, as she did regularly at the close of every day, to a lonely knoll at the top of her father's farm, from which she could see the early lights that told how busy the repairers were in the Lees, and shaking her two clenched fists in the direction of the house, would whisper, as if to the falling night, "He'll niver live wid her there, he'll niver enither it a livin' man."

Meantime the family so summarily ejected from that pleasant home of theirs, stayed at the Whin-rath with Andy Ross. His house was a small and poor one compared with their own, but the best part of it was placed at their service, and Andy's wife and daughter were as anxious and busy about their suitable entertainment as if they had been rich relations come there on a visit. The fattest fowls were killed for them, the best butter was set before them, the big boys were put on their good behaviour not to shock the ladies, and the young children were kept quiet not to disturb Mr. O'Dillon. The latter precaution was somewhat necessary, as the severe cold which Cormick had taken before the ejection grew worse every day after, till the doctor began to fear that rapid consumption might set in. Perhaps the state of his family and fortunes weighed on the man more than actual disease. Generous and considerate himself, it troubled his mind that he and his should be such a burden to their good neighbours, whose circumstances he knew to be far from prosperous; and now that his difficulties had closed round him in such a dead lock, creditors who might otherwise have waited for many a month became importunate and threatening.

There was no prospect for the family but to sell the best part of their crop, stock, and furniture, pay what they could, take a small house and farm, if the like were to be found, and live in a manner they had never been accustomed to. It was a trying outlook, and one from which Cormick shrank, notwithstanding his good sense and genuine piety. He did not complain of his hard fortune, or rail against its principal authors, but despair seemed to have settled on him at last.

"Everything is against me, Andy," he said to his faithful friend, as the latter came to his bedside one morning and tried to rouse him up, at least in spirit; "everything is against me, and never will be better. Maybe I have not been as wise as I should have been, but I did everything for the best as far as I knew it. If it were only for myself I should not care a straw, my time cannot be long; but my girls and poor Connel and Stacy—oh, Andy, it is the thought of them that breaks my heart, to think how my father left me, and how I will leave my children, for I don't think I am ever to rise again; and what's the matter? the world will be well quit of an unlucky man, and you will be well quit of the burden of my family, Andy, as soon as they get a place to put their heads in."

"Now, Mr. O'Dillon, is that the way you talk to a neighbour that owes you as much as I do?" and the honest farmer from the north took Cormick's hand between his own. How thin and wasted it had become in the last long year of troubles! "You know far better than I do that good and ill fortune too come from a higher hand than ours; that the same Providence that permits, for purposes which we cannot fathom, the bad man to triumph and the good man to fall, can in its own good time restore the one and cast down the other. Cheer up, my friend, you'll see good days yet; these hard things have happened for the best to us all, and though I am sorry that your wicked enemies have got the upper hand for the hour, the Bible tells us that the triumph of the like of them is short. It has given me a chance of making some small return for all the kindness you showed to me and mine when we came to the west poor and strangers. We will go halves, Mr. O'Dillon,

in all that is here. I am only sorry that the place is so poor, and the accommodation so unlike what your family were used to. But any port in a storm, you know; we will go halves till you recover, as I am sure you will with the incoming spring, and Connel and I will look out for a house and farm in the mean time."

"God bless you," said Cormick; "you are all the friend I have, and poor Connel is doing all he can; but the boy is young, Andy. You will direct him when I am not to the fore. Isn't it a blessing that he keeps his temper so well, and never quarrels with one of Bourke's or Regan's people, though he must come often across them, being so much about on my business? I never expected to see Connel so quiet under the circumstances. Andy, I think he is growing wiser by seeing your example."

"Well, I have thirty years the start of him; but never mind Connel, he is wise enough for his years, and more," said Andy, but neither he nor Cormick had observed that in the early part of the conversation the present subject of it had quietly entered the room and stood leaning against the wall till he heard his father's first desponding speech, and then as quietly stepped out again.

Those who knew Connel O'Dillon best, thought him a wonderfully changed young man when he made no explosion of wrath against Bourke or his instruments; but with all his faults Connel loved and revered his father, more than many a strictly-brought-up son; he had a tender conscience, too, and it told him that the family misfortunes had their beginning in his foolish conduct towards Nancy Regan, and his precipitate match with her handsome cousin. On both accounts, the young man had taken a fixed resolution that, come what would, he should not increase the family troubles by any display of profitless anger. If he spoke at all, Connel knew he must and would break the reins of self-control which he had drawn so tight, and for most characters, but especially for those of Celtic race, it is dangerous to keep the fire shut in. Cormick's son had to mind Cormick's business now: persuading or coaxing off impatient creditors, carrying on wearisome and generally disappointing negotiations about poor houses and farms, and trying to sell crop, stock, and furniture at a time when markets were low and money scarce; but worse than all, he had to see his father's house undergoing repairs for Gerald Bourke; he had to see Bourke himself going and coming to superintend them; he had observed him cast scornful looks and make insulting remarks to his underlings as he passed, and all the ruin and reproach which the man had brought upon his family worked like madness upon Connel's brain, but he gave neither word nor sign.

That day it was part of his duty to apply to Lord French Park's agent, regarding some expensive improvements which his father had made on the Lees farm in the preceding year. An ejected tenant had no legal chance of recovering the like at the time, but the common sense of justice was in his favour, and landlords were sometimes obliged to act accordingly. Connel would much rather have attempted to swim across the Shannon at full flood than write to Gerald Bourke, but Andy Ross said the sooner the claim was made the better; his father's friendly counsellor was absent, nobody could say where, and he knew the family wanted every shilling they could honestly obtain. A note was therefore written in

brief business-like but inoffensive terms, and Connel stepped into his father's room with it to see if Cormick approved of the form. The words he heard Cormick say cut the young man to the heart, he could not talk to him on such an affair, and sealing the note at once, he despatched it by Paddy the Post.

It was sent to the Moss, where Bourke was that day, and in about an hour Paddy returned with an answer. The opportunity of showing his spite against the luckless family was too great for the attorney's son to let slip; his reply was, that "Mr. Bourke regarded any claim made by the late occupant of the Lees as unworthy of the least consideration, and he begged to decline all correspondence on the subject."

Connel read the note over with a burning cheek and a flashing eye, which nobody could see, for he stood in the shadow of the great evergreen oak that sheltered the rath farmhouse on the northern side; and as he finished reading, he heard Paddy the Post relating to his cousin Molly Dhu, outside the back door, how "Misther Bourke tuk on mighty grand, an' tould the Regans he was goin' to French Park now, but would come back between seven and eight in the evenin', bekase he wanted to see them workmen at the Lees puttin' up the new pier-glass in its proper place in the parlour."

Connel heard that report, and a fearful thought came into his mind. He put the note into his pocket and walked away out of Andy's farm and over the adjoining moorland. An hour after he came back, and all the rest of the day was busy superintending and helping in putting up a quantity of his father's wheat and other farm produce for the fair of Carrick-on-Shannon, which commenced on the following morning. The men employed whispered to one another, that "Masther Connel spoke, but did not look like himself." However, the work was done, the day came to a close, but Connel did not join the circle round Andy's fire.

While they sat in the best kitchen, which happened to be the largest room in the house, waiting for the supper which Mrs. Ross, her daughter Hannah, and their one servant maid were getting ready for the two families, he was in the little room assigned to himself, by the light of a home-made candle, loading a pair of pistols, and making Bourke's note serve for wadding. By-and-by he came out with his great-coat on, and the loaded pistols in its pockets. He paused at the door of his father's room, but did not go in. Honor was sitting there by the bedside, and he heard Cormick say, "It is a wonder we have no letters from the boys in America; maybe they are forgetting us; yet I am glad Maurice doesn't know what has happened, it would break his heart in the strange country. Poor boy! how unwilling I was to let him go, yet it is the best thing for him now."

Connel turned silently away, and met Stacy. "Are you going out, Connel, dear?" she said; "the supper will soon be ready."

"I will not be long, but don't wait for me, Stacy." He threw his arms about his young wife's neck and kissed her hurriedly, like one that loved but must go, darted out of the house door, and closed it behind him, before she could ask a question. Stacy opened it and looked out on the gathering darkness, but Connel was gone. He walked quickly over the Whin-rath fields, down a long lane between the neighbouring farms, and entered a small plantation skirting the French Park road, but separated from it by a high hedge of holly. At an opening in that

hedge Connel took his station. The overhanging boughs would have prevented his being seen from the road, had it been broad daylight; but the night was dark about him, for the moon had not yet risen, though the whiteness of her coming was already in the sky, and that same darkness made him unconscious of the presence of a man who had entered the plantation on the opposite side, and cautiously approached, his steps making no sound on the mossy earth, till he stood in the still deeper shade directly behind Connel.

The whiteness above increased, the mist of the early night cleared away, giving place to the starry armies and the radiant moon, which now shone with a soft but steady light. There was some traveller to be benefited by it: a sound of hoofs and wheels came along the quiet road; another minute and a light gig, with a gentleman in it, who drove himself, approached; it was Gerald Bourke on his way back to the Moss. Connel drew one of the pistols from his pocket, and pointed it as the gig came on; but before his fingers could reach the trigger, the man behind had thrown himself upon him, seized his both arms and drew them down with a force which the powerful young man could not resist for the moment, saying as he did so, but in a low tone, "Connel, my brother, thank God you are not an assassin." The pistol dropped from Connel's hand, rolled far among the trees, and went off in the fall. The report frightened Bourke's horse; it dashed away at a hard gallop, leaving the plantation far behind, and bringing its equally frightened master quickly to his journey's end, but no mortal, except the two that stood there among the tangled trees, ever knew what caused the sound.

The young man stood for some minutes in the grasp of his assailant without speech or struggle, but shaking like an aspen leaf, as if supernatural fear had fallen upon him. "Connel, it is I," said the man behind, losing his hold and coming forward to the moonlight, and Connel looked up to see the face of his brother Maurice.

"Whence on earth did you come or how?" he gasped out, uncertain that it was the living he saw.

"From Dublin this morning, Connel," said Maurice, taking him by the hand; "sit down here beside me on the dry bank, and let us both try to get composed before we go home."

"Home! Maurice? you don't know what has happened to us; you don't know what drove me to what I was going to do. God bless you for evermore for coming to prevent me," and Connel, utterly overcome by the revulsion of feeling, sat down on the bank and wept like a child.

Maurice threw his arms about him and wept also; they were both children again, but the youngest recovered himself first. "I do know it all," he said; "when Redmond and I stepped on the Dublin pier this morning, the first man we saw was old Joice, Squire Martin's clerk when he is on the bench; it seems my father was kind to him once, slipped a five-pound note into his hand when he and his family were very hard up, and never mentioned it to one of us. Well, old Joice took Redmond and me aside, and told us all about the loss of the Lees; but never mind, Connel, there are better prospects for our family; Fitzmaurice has come into possession of a noble sweep of land, the best alluvial soil in the world, stretching along the banks of the beautiful

Ohio, where honest capable men may build their homes and till their fields and live in peace and plenty, without ever hearing of an absentee landlord, or seeing an oppressive agent. Redmond was angry enough, but not surprised at what has happened; he told me often enough there was no rest for us in the Lees when the lease had expired, but he is as true as steel to our sister Honor; he has been a brother to me, and would have me home with him to surprise you all with the good news, and bring you every one out if he could to settle and live on his land. He is staying in Dublin to pay his creditors; there was money in the Cincinnati bank for him; it was little compared with the land, but it enables Redmond to pay; and I have something handsome for my father. When old Joice told me he was sick, I would stay no longer, but took the Sligo coach, and reached the 'Fighting Cock' not an hour ago; they had no vehicle to take me, so I walked across the bog as we used to do, and took this plantation for a short cut. Oh Connel, dear, neither of us can ever be thankful enough to Providence for sending me this way; I saw you, brother, when you did not see me; I would have prevented any man, but I did not know it was you till the very last moment."

"I don't think I knew myself, Maurice; I must have been mad," said Connel, trembling with excitement as he realised the greatness of the crime from which he had been saved; "but oh! the provocation he gave us all. And you will not be safe from him and his instruments."

"I will, brother; old Joice told me, but it is a secret to keep till we want it," and Maurice rehearsed what he had heard regarding Nancy Regan's second deposition, which of course established his own innocence.

"Is it possible that everything will come right with us again, and my poor Stacy get a house of her own, maybe in America? for, Maurice, we'll go if we can, and bring all the family, ay, and all the Rosses, with us; it is a pity to leave such people to Gerald Bourke and the like of him; you know what they have been to us," said Connel.

"I know it all; there is a farm for them on the banks of the Ohio, and one for you and Stacy; Redmond chalked out the settlements on his land, all the way from New York to Liverpool; but now Connel," and Maurice rose up and looked among the trees, "we will get that pistol, that nobody else may find it, and you and I will make a compact here under the bright stars, that neither our father nor any relation or friend whom it might grieve will ever hear what is known only to you and me this night, and then, my own brother, let us go home with no cloud upon our faces." Connel held out his hand, but the memory of that awful night clung to him as long as he lived.

REMINISCENCES OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

FROM the year 1820 to 1850 one of the most brilliant and powerful of all the literary men that shone in the meridian of Edinburgh was John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of that famous city, and the renowned "Christopher North," of "Blackwood's Magazine." As a poet, a professor, a critic, a sportsman, a humorist, and glowing descriptive writer, Wilson was a star of the first

magnitude in Edinburgh society, and shot his lustre over the whole British world. "Blackwood," long the queen of all magazines, carried his name and fame to the ends of the earth; for if not its editor, strictly so called, he was, during his literary prime, its master spirit or presiding genius. When a new number of "Maga" appeared everybody flew to the "Noctes," or to some other paper manifestly from Wilson's pen. No series of magazine papers ever gained such popularity as the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." The mingled poetry and criticism, the rollicking humour and fun, the savage sarcasm, the grotesque drollery and tender pathos that abounded in these extraordinary productions, took the public by storm, and excited in many quarters intense admiration. But it must be added that the gross personalities and convivial buffooneries that ran through most of them gave great offence to every rightly-constituted mind, and at this day seriously diminish their literary value. Even the genius of Wilson has failed to give permanent lustre to unwarranted attacks on character, however witty or powerful.

In Blackwood's back shop where literary men of a certain class did congregate, among the students at the University, and in Edinburgh society generally, Wilson was known as "the Professor." Even while Chalmers and Hamilton illustrated the University with their genius, Wilson, so notable from his splendid physical appearance, and so renowned for his brilliant literary powers, always retained a name which, though sometimes pronounced in a tone of banter or irony, yet generally indicated a peculiar species of personal affection. In the prime of his manhood he was indeed the very picture of strength, agility, and beauty. When I first saw him he had passed the period of his full youthful vigour, but was still a man of outward majesty and might. Fully six feet high, of muscular build, of ruddy complexion, and with a profusion of fair hair clustering on his broad shoulders, he bore the very stamp of genius and power; and as he strode across the college court with his professorial gown fluttering in the wind, on his way to his class-room, where at noon each day he gave his prelection, he had all the elasticity of step of a brawny Highlander hieing across his native heather, and the imperial front of a chieftain born to command. A consciousness of physical and intellectual power was remarkably apparent in the step and air of Wilson in his great days; and even to the last he had a lion-like aspect and bearing. Dickens's description of him as he appeared in the Edinburgh Parliament House about ten years after I first saw him, and when he was fully fifty-six years of age, is a specimen of humorous caricature; but by that time the eccentricities of his dress and manner had certainly increased, and his original carelessness as to the adornment of his splendid outer man had become quite incorrigible.

It was in the session 1832-3 that I attended Wilson's Moral Philosophy Class, and, along with his numerous students, listened to his eloquent and inspiring lectures. I mention here, as a curious fact, that Macvey Napier, Professor of Conveyancing, and editor of the "Edinburgh Review," lectured in the Moral Philosophy class-room at 2 P.M., just one hour after it had been evacuated by Wilson and his students. Thus the moving spirits of the great Whig and the great Tory organ almost crossed each other daily in their respective orbits. I believe that Wilson and Napier, opposed as they were both in literature

and in politics, were very good friends in the University, and reserved their strife for another arena. It ought also to be remembered, to the great credit of both, that Wilson and Sir William Hamilton, who had contested so vehemently the Moral Philosophy chair in 1820, and had fought a battle that had been singularly exasperated by party feelings, always remained on terms of cordial friendship. Sir William frankly admitted that his opponent's metaphysical talents were as remarkable as his more brilliant qualities; and Wilson never disputed Sir William's transcendent philosophical genius. When Hamilton at last was appointed to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, which he did so much to adorn, Wilson occasionally made his appearance in his rival's classroom, and took notes among the students. I once saw him so employed; and a striking figure he made as with a plain lead pencil he jotted down on a crumpled old letter some definitions and doctrines of the great metaphysician.

Wilson's lectures on Moral Philosophy and the Human Mind were not remarkable for original speculation, and certainly did not add one more to the list of metaphysical and moral systems; but they contained an admirable account of the ancient Greek philosophy, and the theories of later times. The different passions and emotions of the mind were analysed with great acuteness, and illustrated with glowing eloquence. Sometimes, as in the lecture on Avarice, the ebullient humour of the lecturer overflowed, and gave rise to riotous merriment among the students. What may be called the generous view of human nature characterised all the lectures. Everything lofty, heroic, or disinterested in man, or tender and devoted in woman, was eloquently panegyrised; and the students had often good reason to believe that when certain congenial themes fired the soul of the Professor, he did not read what he uttered from the stained and tattered manuscripts that lay before him, but gave way to a fit of extemporaneous oratory, and poured out a torrent of brilliant language that clothed thoughts and ideas essentially poetical. The most original portion of his course of lectures was that which related to Imagination. In his analysis and description of that great faculty, he did attempt something new, and on which he was disposed to lay considerable stress. He dwelt with great power, ingenuity, and eloquence, on those states of passion or emotion in which the mind performs imaginative acts and bodies forth things grand and glorious in Poetry or Art. The mind, he contended, must be in a condition of heat, must actually glow with internal fire, before true imagination kindles and strikes out its miracles of creative power. I have often regretted that Wilson's theory of Imagination and some other subtle and beautiful portions of his lectures were not given to the public. They would have sustained his reputation, and might have been accepted as real contributions to Mental Philosophy.

The Professor was a great favourite with his students, whom he delighted not only by his genius and eloquence, but by his many spirit and affable manners. Things usually went very smoothly in his class, and during the delivery of the lecture the applause was frequent and not unstinted. But on one occasion I saw him irritated beyond measure. He was suffering at the time, as he afterwards explained, from rheumatic headache, and some few students whom he conceived to be animated by personal animosity or party feeling had persistently

made some disturbance in the class. A cloud of passion gradually gathered on his brow, and at length burst with tremendous violence. A more terrible expression of rage I never witnessed on a human countenance. Wilson's whole features were convulsed, fire flashed from his eye, and a few scathing expressions escaped his lips. He looked as if he could have sprung like a tiger from the spot where he stood, and have demolished at a stroke the unhappy beings who had contrived to give him such offence. But the tempestuous rage soon subsided into a calm, and before the class was dismissed he made an apology not unbecoming a moral philosopher.

At various times I enjoyed the private conversation of this splendidly-gifted man. Once calling upon him at his house, 6, Gloucester Place, about the middle of the day, I found him at his desk in the drawing-room, which had been turned for the time into a study. He was wrapped in an ample but well-worn dressing-gown; and with his red beard unshaven, and his long auburn hair hanging loosely about his head and shoulders, he had a somewhat ferocious look. I thought of a leopard or a tiger in his lair, and a sort of tremor mingled with my admiration. But his perfectly frank and friendly manner soon put me at my ease, and he commenced a lively conversation on various literary topics. I found that he was engaged upon an article for next "Blackwood" on the factory question, then strongly agitated in Parliament by Lord Ashley, the present Lord Shaftesbury. Parliamentary blue-books lay before him, and the work on hand had all the appearance of a piece of literary taskwork, very unlike a "Noctes," or a dashing article on the scenery and sports of the Highlands. I read the article on its appearance, and found it full of poetry as well as philanthropy, but tinged with a spirit too hostile to the manufacturing as opposed to the agricultural or rural interest. It was coloured, in short, with Tory politics, though full of benevolent feeling as well as wholesome indignation at the bad features of the factory system. He talked to me of Wordsworth and poetry, as he seldom failed to do when the conversation turned on literature. He could criticise Wordsworth sharply enough in private, though he was his great expounder and champion in public. He spoke of the ordinary poetry of the day in no very complimentary terms, and declared that his soul had become dead to all poetry except that of the highest order.

I remember once having a walk with Wilson in Princes Street, that magnificent promenade, the pride of Edinburgh. In the course of conversation he spoke of Guthrie, who was then beginning to delight the Edinburgh people with his picturesque and pathetic eloquence. "What about this Guthrie?" he exclaimed; "they tell me he is a second Chalmers." I replied that I had recently heard the new minister of Grey Friars, and had been quite charmed with the affluence of his beautiful imagery, as well as with his still higher qualities as a pulpit orator. "I must go and hear him," said the Professor; "but tell me a few of his images; I may steal some of them." I thereupon related as well as I could some of the more poetical and striking figures in which Mr. Guthrie's sermon had abounded. Wilson listened most attentively, and then observed: "Well, these are very good; not quite original, perhaps, as few things of the kind ever are; but everything depends on the way in which they are brought out. What in one man's hands is dull and feeble, in another's is bright

and powerful." This is a fair specimen of that conversational criticism in which this great master delighted to indulge.

At another time I fell in with my admired preceptor in the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition. He was a great admirer of paintings, and generously encouraged all meritorious Scottish artists. At the annual exhibitions he frequently made his appearance, and both he and his criticisms failed not to attract general attention. While he had a fine eye for the grand or heroic, the humane or the tender in historical compositions, he displayed, I thought, that marked preference for landscape which might have been expected in one who had such a deep and enthusiastic love of nature. Going round the rooms with him on the occasion referred to, I observed him particularly notice the landscapes, which he failed not to praise if they contained anything at all praiseworthy. Again and again he stooped almost to the floor to fix his eye on some small landscape pieces that had been hung considerably below "the line." "I like these sweet bits of landscape," he exclaimed; "they are more full of true beauty and feeling than many of the larger pieces more conspicuously hung. They are mostly, too, the works of young artists of genius who deserve encouragement." These words I felt to be characteristic of Wilson, alike worthy of his mind and heart.

But I was once present at a veritable "night" in which Wilson was the chief talker, or king of the company. The scene was in the house of Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, the amiable and accomplished "Delta" of "Blackwood." In the latter end of May, 1839, Wilson drove out of Edinburgh in Mr. Blackwood's carriage to dine with his friend Moir, whom he greatly loved, and who almost venerated him in return. Residing in Musselburgh at the time, and being well acquainted with "Delta," I was invited, with a few other friends, to meet the renowned "Christopher North." We sat down to dinner about six, and Wilson soon showed that he could talk and eat heartily at the same time; but he drank nothing stronger than water, as he had become at that time a voluntary total abstainer, though, I fear, he had little good to say of the Total Abstinence movement. He was too ready to laugh at such things, just as he laughed at Phrenology and similar sciences. After dinner was over, and Mrs. Moir, a most elegant and clever woman, had disappeared from the room with the children, who had been admitted in Scottish fashion, with the dessert, the great "Christopher" set himself in right good earnest to the work of the evening, and launched out into a wide sea of literary criticism. Now and then he introduced a dash of politics, Tory, of course, but not so Tory as might have been expected; for at times Wilson could lash his own party as fiercely as any Whig of them all. But his discourse was chiefly of poets and poetry; and before he was done he must have spoken the substance of a brilliant magazine article. I find in an old note-book the following entry in reference to this party:—"There was scarcely an author of the day on whom the Professor did not comment. The poets were, however, the chief subjects of his criticism. He lauded Wordsworth, as is his wont, but not indiscriminately, by any means; Thomson he passionately praised; Moore and Shelley he treated with a scorn which I thought unjust; Southey and Coleridge he spoke of with admiration, and the voice of friendship. Many strokes of wit and humour escaped him, and

sometimes expressions strong almost to coarseness. He spoke of 'Blackwood's Magazine' with the utmost frankness, and of the 'Noctes' also. He sat talking thus on subjects multifarious, and with vigour unabated, till two o'clock in the morning, when I rose and left the symposium, admiring the marvellous mental and bodily powers of this extraordinary man." I may add that, on the occasion referred to, Mrs. Moir, after waiting in the drawing-room with her tea to a late hour, had at last retired to rest, and that when the company broke up, Wilson drove back to Edinburgh about three o'clock, and must have arrived at his own door as the summer morning was breaking in the east.

I could add to these reminiscences of the famous "Christopher North," but my limits have already been exceeded. I have only, in conclusion, to remind the reader that John Wilson was born at Paisley in 1785; that after completing his education with distinction at Oxford, he went to the Scottish bar in 1815; that he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh in 1820, defeating the Whig candidate, Sir William Hamilton; that he resigned his chair in 1853, and died at Edinburgh in the following year.

J. D.

THE SEVEN GREAT TOWERS OF ITALY.

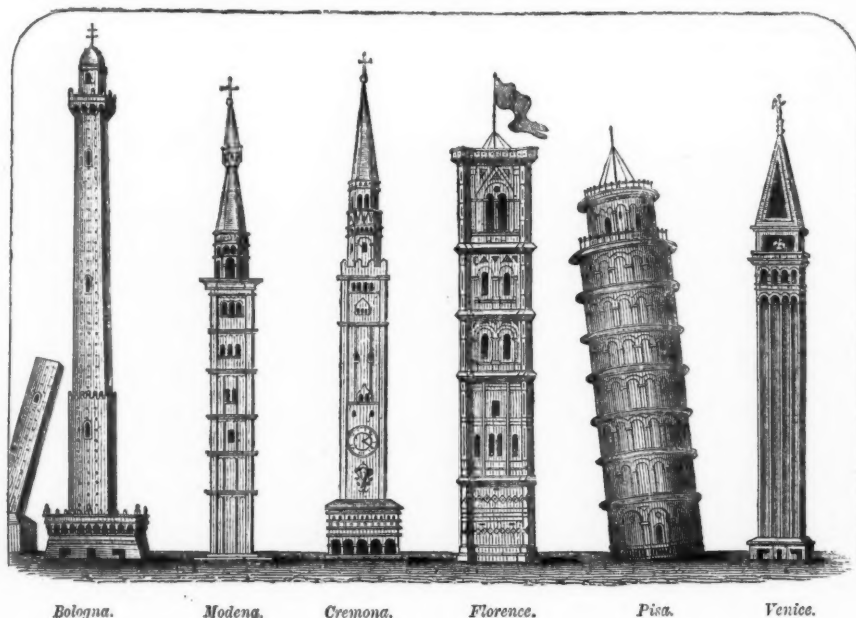
THE tall and graceful campanile, or bell-tower, is one of the most distinctive features of the Italian landscape. It stands apart from the church, and is often very ornamental in its style of architecture; as for instance that of St. Pudenziana in Rome, and the beautiful circular one of St. John the Baptist in Ravenna. But besides the bell-towers of churches, the Italians seem to have had a passion for the erection of towers rising to an extraordinary height in various of their towns, commemorative probably of public or private events, or for the honour of some one of their great families, though this is, for the most part, now wholly unknown.

The seven most remarkable towers of this class in Italy, of which we now give an engraving from an old but roughly executed Italian picture, and which may be taken as samples of all the rest, although excelling them in height and magnificence, are those of Bologna, Modena, Cremona, Florence, Pisa, and Venice. All of them stand in plains; indeed, a plain seems naturally to suggest the necessity of an upward, ascending, and lofty form. Nowhere in England are the spires of the churches so lofty or so beautiful in their slender proportions, as in the flat sea-levels of Lincolnshire. In France we see long lines of poplars bordering the roads which intersect the plains, and though somewhat monotonous in their effect, yet is the perspective often magnificent, and the eye instinctively perceives that they are not only in harmony with the landscape, but that they supply what otherwise would be its deficiency. There is in the human mind a natural necessity for aspiration, and when mountains are absent it finds their substitute by erecting something higher than usual. The Egyptians felt this when they piled up their pyramids in the desert. Cypress and stone pines exquisitely diversify and elevate the Italian landscape, so do campaniles.

Taking these seven towers in the order in which they stand in our plate, we have first those of

Bologna. This rich old city seems indeed to have had a passion for the erection of these towers, which, however, are not campaniles. It had several such, though two only now remain entire. The impression first made by the sight of any of these towers, especially if they happen to lean, is that of surprise and wonder rather than admiration. In Bologna it is especially so, as both of them have a marked declination, though our plate unfortunately greatly exaggerates that of the smaller, and scarcely shows that of the taller. They stand near together in the

These fellow-towers were built at the same time, the taller having been begun just one year before the lower. Though nothing is known of the history of their erection, yet has the Garisenda its own peculiar, immortal glory in having furnished Dante with a poetical simile, from which it is evident that five centuries ago it presented the same leaning position that it does at this day. The taller, the Asinelli, supposed to be so called from the Zinelli family, has its advantage and glory in the incomparable view which is afforded from its summit to all such as are not



THE SEVEN GREAT TOWERS.

centre of the town, amidst the throng and stir of busy life, huge and silent, and apparently purposeless, threatening as it were to fall, yet having so stood and so leaned for about eight centuries. Unlike the church campaniles of which I have spoken, these have no architectural beauty, no grace of design or finish, but are merely immense masses of solid, dark red masonry, springing as it were out of small mean houses, little shops, sometimes those of shoemakers, as, for instance, the taller of these, the Torre degli Asinelli, and the scarcely less remarkable leaning tower, the Torre del Pubbico at Ravenna. Grand they can hardly be called, and beautiful they are not; nevertheless they have a fascination about them which attracts you, and makes you never weary of placing yourself with the angle of some building between your eye and them as a perpendicular line by which to measure their declination.

The lower of these two towers, the Torre la Garisenda, built by the two brothers Filippo and Oddo Garisenda, but for what object is not known, was commenced in 1110, which seems to be about the period from which most of these towers date, so that probably it was, so to speak, a fashion of those times that if men did not build churches for the glory of God, they should build lofty towers for their own fame.

daunted by an ascent of upwards of 300 feet (that is 292, or 321 to the top of the lanthorn), 449 steps in all, a labour which, however, is well repaid by the magnificent landscape which is spread out below as a glorious panorama. The height of La Garisenda is 161 feet. In 1792 it was found by measurement to be eight Bolognese feet out of the perpendicular to the east, and three to the south, which is said to have increased an inch and a half by 1813, since which we hear of no later measurements. With regard to the stability of the Asinelli it is said that some fears at present exist, yet in comparison with its lower and more sturdy neighbour its inclination is much less considerable. The fact, as stated in the Italian papers, seems to be this: The earliest record of the inclination of the tower was in 1706, when a marble tablet was affixed to one of the walls stating it to be 3 feet 4 inches from the perpendicular. This tablet has long been cracked through the middle, leading to the suspicion that the tower has since that date greatly increased in inclination. In 1856 it was stated by Professor Respighi to be actually 5 feet 10½ inches from the perpendicular, so great a difference from the former statement as to lead him to suppose that might be incorrect. Last June, however, further observations were made by Professor

Filopanti and Signor Buriani, who report that according to their observations the incline of the tower has increased even since the last measurement was taken. These gentlemen say that they have been able to determine it exactly by means of two plumb-lines fixed to the outer walls of the tower, one to the upper portion immediately under the topmost battlement,

by one of the warlike factions into which the town was divided. The upper part was finished in 1319.

The most remarkable incident connected with the tower is that it contains a famous *secchia*, or old wooden bucket, which was taken by the Modenese from the Bolognese, with whom they were then at enmity, in a battle or skirmish, on November 18th,



THE CAMPANILE AND DUOMO, FLORENCE.

the second to the intermediate, and have thus ascertained that the inclination is double that of 1706. To make it clearer, the plummet of the upper line, fastened to the eastern corner of the upper projection, touched the western side of the intermediate one, so that the increased incline of the tower for the last fifteen years may be given at the rate of three centimetres yearly. This looks ominous, but, adds the report, it is hoped that the incline of the tower may now remain stationary, though it is not said on what ground this hope is founded; neither is it mentioned, that even should this tower of the Asinelli unfortunately fall, it will only follow the example of other towers of the same kind in Bologna, remains of two of which are near the Archbishop's palace, but the history of the fall of which we have not been able to find. We will hope, however, with Professor Filopanti, and believe, that Bologna will for many years keep her remarkable tower.

The great tower of Modena, called the Ghirlandina, from the bronze garland which surrounds the top, is 315 feet high. It is an elegant tower, of which the Modenese are justly proud, but neither the purpose of its erection, nor yet the exact period of the commencement of its building, is known. The square portion, however, must have been complete in the year 1225, as at that time it was taken possession of

1325. It was brought hither in great triumph as a trophy of victory, and hung up with much ceremony by an iron chain.

However much this might be serious earnest in the fourteenth century, it seems a perfect burlesque in these days, and in this spirit Tassoni has written his well-known and clever poem, "The Secchia Rapita, or Captured Bucket," of which we will give two unrhymed stanzas:—

"And when Manfredi on the holy altar
Had placed the bucket with devotion meet,
And he, the priest, and the great monsignore,
Had made oration to the blessed saint,
Then lifted they the bucket, after midnight,
When the third hour was told upon the clock,
And placed it in the tower, the Ghirlandina,
Where it remains, worm-eaten, venerable!"

"The bucket being thus borne with ceremony
Into the Ghirlandina, still remains there,
Kept as a noble trophy, and suspended
From the stone vault by a strong iron chain;
By five gates is this treasure-chamber entered;
And comes no noble knight to Modena,
Nor any worthy pilgrim, but he hastens
To the great tower to see this glorious trophy."

The loftiest tower in North Italy is the Torrazzo of Cremona, being 396 feet high, ascended by 498 steps;

and how proud the inhabitants are of their tower is proved by their rhythmic boast,—

"One St. Peter's is in Roma,
One Torazzo in Cremona."

The view from the summit is extremely fine, embracing the magnificent Milanese plain from the Alps to the Apennines on the south-west, with the intermediate windings of the Po. The bells which the tower contains were cast in 1518, and it was furnished with its great clock in 1594. The tower, or more properly campanile, is connected with the cathedral by a loggia or gallery. Its building was commenced in 1283, to commemorate a peace which was established between the cities of Cremona, Milan, Piacenza, and Brescia, at the expense of the Guelphic or Papal party; and so great was the enthusiasm of the occasion, that the square portion of the tower, more than one-half of its height, was completed in two years, by no means verifying the proverb of "Most haste worst speed," for there is no leaning in this tower—no fault in the foundation.

In connection with this remarkable tower, it is related that, in 1414, the Emperor Sigismund and the Pope, visiting Cremona, were taken by the Signor Gabrino Fondulo, the clever but self-appointed governor of the city, to see, amongst the other lions of the place, the grand view from the summit. He was, as we have said, a clever managing man, and so imposed upon his august visitors by his plausibility and the suavity of his manners, that they consulted with him on the important subject then occupying their minds—namely, the best place in which to hold the great council for establishing the peace of Christendom, and finally gave him the authority of a vicar of the empire in Cremona. Eleven years afterwards, when things were so much changed with him that he was brought to the scaffold, he is reported to have said that the only thing he regretted in his life was, that he had not had quite courage enough to push the Emperor and the Pope over the battlements of the Torazzo on the day when they three stood there together, that he might have profited by the confusion which such an event would have occasioned in Italy.

Of all the campaniles of North Italy, none come near that of Florence for magnificence and beauty. It is best seen in harmonious companionship with the cathedral. The designer and builder of this unique and beautiful tower was Giotto, whose orders were to erect an edifice which should surpass in loftiness and in richness of workmanship any building of the best days of Greece and Rome; and this tower, as far as it was carried out conformably with his design, is answerable to the requirement. It was commenced in 1334, and is a quadrangular tower rising to the height of 275½ feet. Before it was completed Giotto died, and Taddeo Gaddi, who afterwards finished the work, deviated from the original plan, by completing it without the spire, which, according to Giotto's design, would have risen 95½ feet, and certainly would have crowned it with surpassing grace, and taken from it that extreme squareness of outline which is its only defect.

The whole exterior of this noble campanile is cased in black and white marble corresponding with the cathedral, the white now beautifully softened and mellowed by age to a rich creamy tint. The white marble tablets of the basement story are bas-reliefs

from the designs of Giotto, and partly executed by himself. They represent the progress of civilisation, beginning from the creation and the first labours of Adam and Eve; Jabal, the father of such as live in tents and have cattle; Jubal, the father of such as handle the harp and the organ; Tubal Cain, the instructor of such as work in brass and iron; and Noah's discovery of wine. These are contained on the west side, nearest the dome. On the south side are represented early idolatry; The Worship of the Host of Heaven; House-building; Woman providing the House with Earthen Vessels; Man taming the Horse; Woman at the Loom; Legislation; Dædalus as the Representative of Exploration and Emigration. On the east side, Invention of Navigation; Hercules and Antæus, symbolical of war; Agriculture; Use of the Horse as a draught animal; Architecture. On the north side, the seven liberal arts and sciences; Phidias as representative of sculpture; Apollo, of painting; Donatus, of grammar; Orpheus, of poetry; Plato and Aristotle, of philosophy; and Ptolemy, of astronomy. The second stage represents the seven cardinal virtues, the seven works of mercy, the seven beatitudes, the seven sacraments, Madonna and Child, and the Transfiguration. Above these two ranges stand sixteen statues larger than life, four on each side; the four evangelists, the four chief prophets of the Old Testament, four saints, and four sibyls.

The tower is easily accessible by a staircase of 414 steps, and the view from the summit, where stand the four immense piers on which it was intended to raise the spire, is naturally extremely fine, and full of points of wonderful interest. It contains a set of six fine bells, the largest of which, named *La Santa Reparata*, bears the arms of the Medici.

Opposite the cathedral, a marble slab inserted in the wall records this as the spot where stood, five centuries ago, the stone seat on which Dante was accustomed to place himself to watch the progress of these noble and beautiful buildings.

As the tower of Florence is by far the richest and most exquisite of all the Italian campaniles, so is that of Pisa the most remarkable, though it also is found to be beautiful as soon as the eye overcomes the effect produced by its being so conspicuously out of the perpendicular. In this respect it exceeds both the Asinelli and Garisenda towers of Bologna, inclining no less than thirteen feet from the centre of gravity.

In this tower occurs a remarkable circumstance which proves that this peculiarity was not intentional, as some suppose, but that it arises from a defect in the foundation, or a yielding of the earth on one side. In this case, at all events, there can remain no doubt but that the intention of the builder was to produce a perfectly upright tower, and that the sinking of the building on one side began to show itself when the tower had reached about half its intended height, for at this point the columns are lengthened as with the intention of bringing back the tower to as upright a position as possible, whilst the walls are strengthened with iron bars, thus binding the structure together; nor in all probability will the threatened catastrophe ever occur, because the centre of gravity is not lost. But it is evident from the means thus taken to counteract the overbalance of the tower, that the builder found himself in a terrible dilemma, and at the same time that he was a man who did not overestimate his own resources. It was commenced in 1174, just about seven hundred years ago, and to

all appearance it may stand yet seven centuries more.

This tower is circular in form, like that of Ravenna, is 53 feet in diameter and 170 feet high. It consists of eight stories on columns supporting arches, the whole forming open exterior galleries, which give great lightness and elegance to the structure. The eighth story was added in 1350. The basement story, which is without a gallery, is ornamented by frescoes and mosaics of the fourteenth century. Here also an inscription was placed in 1839 by the *savans* of Italy, who held their first meeting in this city to commemorate the fact that from this very tower Galileo made experiments on the fall of bodies, the origin of the Newtonian system of gravitation.

Two hundred and ninety-four easy steps conduct the visitor to the summit, whence, as in all these cases, the view is panoramic, extending from the Apennines on the one hand to the sea on the other. The tower contains seven bells, the largest weighing no less than 12,000 lbs., being so hung as to counteract the leaning tendency of the building; and strange to say, the most harmonious of the seven, ornamented with the image of the Virgin, was the one bell which was tolled when criminals were led to execution. The bell-founders of Pisa were celebrated for their excellent work, and this bell bears also the arms of the city: it was cast in 1262.

Our seventh campanile takes us to lovely, fascinating Venice; and amongst the many beautiful and peculiar structures which are grouped in the Piazza San Marco, none can fail to notice that stately tower which rises like a sentinel in front of its glorious old Byzantine cathedral.

Speaking of this campanile, we may be permitted to say a few words of the piazza in which it stands, and without which its peculiar characteristic charm cannot be understood. There is but one square in Venice, and that is St. Mark's; other open spaces there are in the city, but they bear only the designation of *campi*, or fields. The piazza San Marco is an epitome and concentration of Venetian life, of her pride, her wealth, her historical romance, and the campanile is only one of its many grand architectural features. Let me here give the words of an eloquent writer, when speaking of this particular spot. "If," says he, "the noblest architecture can give honour, then the Piazza San Marco merits its distinction, not in Venice only, but surely in the whole world; for where is the place set in such goodly bounds? Let us glance round it: its western length is terminated by the royal palace; its lateral borders on either hand are formed by the lines of palaces called the New Procuratie on the right and the Old Procuratie on the left, whilst the church of St. Mark fills up almost its whole width upon the east, leaving space enough, however, for a glimpse of the Gothic perfection of the ducal palace—the old palace of the Doges. The piazza then opens southward, with the name of piazzetta, between the eastern façade of the ducal palace and the classic front of the Libreria Vecchia, or old library, and expands and ends at length on the Mola, looking out over the blue waters of the lagoon, and where stand the columns of St. Mark and St. Theodore. Looking northward up the piazzetta, from the Mola, the eye traverses the eastern breadth of the piazza, and rests upon the clock-tower gleaming with blue and gold, on which the bronze giants beat the hours, or it climbs the great mass of the campanile,

standing apart from the church, and rising nearly 400 feet towards the sky—the sky where the Venetian might place his heaven, as the Moors bounded paradise in the celestial expanse that bounded Granada.

"The church of San Marco, which the stately campanile and the lofty line of palace may perhaps somewhat dwarf, is yet by no means humbled by the contrast, but is like a queen enthroned in the midst of upright reverence. The religious sentiment is deeply appealed to in its interior, and when you emerge from its portals all the winning loveliness of earth attracts you; the piazza opens with its sunny length and breadth of light, set round with such exquisite architecture as makes you glad to be living on earth. Whatever can please seems to have been brought hither by the Venetian to enrich and beautify his piazza, and hither he comes at all times and in all seasons to enjoy himself. The absence of dust and noisy hoofs and wheels tempts social life out of doors in Venice more than in any other Italian city. But, of course, the most brilliant scene of this kind is in the Piazza San Marco, which has a night-time glory indescribable, won from the light of innumerable lamps on its architectural groups, the superb royal palace, the sculptured arcaded Procuratie, the Byzantine magic and splendour of the church, to say nothing of the unfathomable heaven above, which seems to be a beautiful portion of the whole."

Here the people come in crowds to drink coffee and eat ices, to meet their friends and talk over the news of the day, or listen to the band which plays every evening. The music, the elegant costume of the ladies, the slow movement of feet, and the cheerful buzz of voices, unbroken by the ruder uproar of cities where there are horses and wheels, render the effect that of a large evening party assembled in a vast and magnificent drawing-room, with its sky-roof, its walls of palaces, and its interior ornaments, the lofty marble-columned campanile with its head lost as it were amongst the stars, and the three noble flagstaffs upheld by the winged lions of Venice, and from which of old floated the gonfalons of the republic, but on which now wave as proudly the white, green, and crimson banner of redeemed Italy—that redemption of freedom in which long-suffering Venice rejoices with a full heart.

But now a few words for the campanile itself. Its building was commenced as early as 902, under the government of Domenico Trepelo, but it was not carried higher than the belfry till 1155, whilst the pyramidal belfry itself, with its open gallery of four arches on each side, was not raised till 1510, by Maestro Buono. The ascent to the summit is remarkably easy, being by an inclined plane which winds upwards by an interior tower; and the view thus obtained is one never to be forgotten, especially if to the beauty of sea and land, the time chosen be that of sunset, for of all places in the world Venice, with her far western horizon and the blue intermediate lagoon, seems formed to display the perfected glory of this hour with every possible accessory of beauty and splendour.

The figure of an angel, thirty feet high, surmounts the spire and serves as a vane. The columns which face the various sides of this campanile are of a rich composite order, and formed of the finest marbles. The upper portion is ornamented with bas-reliefs, the principal of which represents Venice seated as Justice, with Venus and Jupiter on either hand,

the one symbolical of Cyprus, the other of Crete. At the foot is a loggia or gallery, ornamented with bronze statues of Pallas, Apollo, Mercury, and Peace, together with bas-reliefs, some of which are fine. This, however, is a later appendage, having been built about the middle of the sixteenth century, and is of questionable taste. Of the stately grandeur of the tower itself there can be no doubt. The style must have been greatly appreciated in old Venice, for there are other towers of a similar character which look very like daughters of this great mother.

MARY HOWITT.

PURE VERSUS CORRUPT ENGLISH.

IN a recent number of this journal, I was permitted to give my views as to the true and scientific principle of English pronunciation. I now proceed to examine certain corrupt forms of speech which have crept into circulation, and which ought to be discarded. They are parasitic growths which not only deform the stately trunk of English speech, but sap the vigour and impair the vitality of the glorious tree. Let every one consider that our language is a great national deposit, that it is our duty to watch over its purity, not for our own sake only, but for the sake of all mankind, among whom it is spreading, if not as a spoken, yet as a real and understood dialect. The French seem to take a greater pride in their language than we do; they preserve it more carefully; they have even formed an Institute charged with the special duty of observing its changes, and resisting all but legitimate developments. I allude to the French Academy, which gives its *imprimatur* to certain grammars and dictionaries, and thus brands with its disapprobation all corrupt innovations and careless or incorrect phrases.

Now we have no such institute in England, nor perhaps would we endure it. Then the more need is there that individual criticism should supply the place of public authority, and label with "*poison*" or "*adulteration*" every wrongly used word or corrupt phrase. There is a public department which watches the state of the currency, and calls in certain coins which are found to be deteriorated, and reissues them in their full weight and original sharpness of form. And is not language, too, a currency, passing, if not from hand to hand, yet from mouth to mouth, equally or even more subject to deterioration, and vastly more precious than any amount of gold or silver coin? Words do not circulate commodities, but they circulate thoughts; and thus language becomes a nation's most precious heir-loom, and it exercises a constant influence to debase or elevate, to barbarise or refine.

Let us now proceed to certain instances of the alleged corruption or change for the worse, and I will at once designate the fount and origin of these evils to consist in an absurd following of Latin grammar in place of English idiom, and an equally absurd introduction of Latin words or Latin-derived words where English words are at once more direct and more expressive.

It is a rule of Latin grammar that a plural noun requires a plural verb; it is no less a general rule of English, but it sometimes happens that a plural in form denotes only one thing in reality, and here English idiom permits a singular verb. Thus we

read in our Bible—that pure well of English undefiled—that "the wages of sin *is* death"—rightly so, for "wages" is here one thing, being equivalent to "reward" or "consequence." But now, even in our best journals, we sometimes see, "Fifty pounds *have* been paid," "Five pounds *are* promised as a reward." Here the sum is a strict unity—it is one amount, and whether paid by bank-note or in coins is quite immaterial. This corruption is a silly adherence to form to the neglect of the substance. Thus, too, I have seen, "news *are* arrived" that so-and-so is dead. This is equally silly as ushering in the announcement of a single fact. I lately saw an advertisement headed thus: "Deeds not words *are* the maxims of the day." This is clearly one maxim, but the erudite tradesman paraded his little learning in this senseless fashion. "Plural nouns, you know, require plural verbs, etc." For the same reason, to say "The United States *has* declared" is the correct form, for the central government is one, though the states are many.

Another rule of grammar is that two substantives are not to be united, but that an adjective and substantive go together. Thus we do not speak the "England tongue," but the "English tongue." But there is such a thing as a pedantic adherence to this rule; thus, I have seen something stated as happening "in the Chinese seas." Here it would be better to say, "in the China seas." Why? To avoid a bad and clumsy sound—that is a sufficient reason for departing from the ordinary rule. Thus we speak of "Cambridge butter," "the London or Paris press." It would be absurd purism to speak of "the Londonian or Parisian press." Thus it is better to say, "China crape or China oranges," instead of "Chinese crape or Chinese oranges"—it runs more pleasantly and glibly off the tongue, and language, as I have elsewhere said, is made to be spoken. To introduce a worse sound, grating to the organs, out of a strict adherence to grammar, is not to improve a language, but to injure it.

Let us ask ourselves how came the rules of the grammar of any language to be formed. Some seem to suppose that they were formed *a priori*, and that they were antecedent to use and practice. The absurdity of this idea is apparent on the least reflection. Rules of course were deduced from observation of established usage. They are the mere classification of certain observed usages, and are not derived from abstract reason. They are to be regarded with respect, but not to be held so sacred as not to be departed from on occasion. In the present instance two substantives may be lawfully combined in order to produce a good and lively sound, and one easy for the vocal organs, as in the cases above given. But it would also be a sufficient reason if a lively idea is thus conveyed in the shortest possible form. Thus, Mirabeau called Lafayette a "Grandison-Cromwell," wishing by this form to convey the idea that he united in his nature some of the qualities of the hero of fiction with those of the hero of history.

I will next notice the misuse, and I will add the vulgar use, of the word "beneath"—a word which is too often used where "under" is alone proper. You will hear a fine lady say, "It is beneath your chair." The vulgarism here consists in using an elegant and dignified word, one having a shade of moral meaning, instead of the common word which simply means all that is intended in this connection—

below in a physical sense. We say of unworthy conduct, "It is *beneath* you." There is dignity and force in the word thus used; but to take this term expressive of moral reproach merely to signify a certain local or mechanical relation, is to debase the word by using it in an improper connection. Let dignified words be only brought forth on dignified occasion; but this is the very abuse which a person of vulgar taste is apt to resort to—using a fine word on a poor occasion. The thought is not raised, but the word is disgraced. Nor let us forget that words are outworks of moral feeling, and that the use of an elevated word on a low occasion is a real profanation. We are guilty of removing a moral landmark. Then what are we to think of the following instance of the use of the word "beneath" in the well known lines of Moore, in one of his Irish melodies?—

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
As eve's wild lights are declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves *beneath* him shining."

Is this a legitimate use of the word *beneath*? Here is only denoted local *underness*; and if so, it seems to come under the lash of the rule I have just laid down; it is, however, saved from it by the beauty and dignity of the accessories. The word is here used in the service of poetry, and that glorious service elevates every word that it employs. Hence "beneath" is not desecrated by its use in this passage. We ought to be precise in our use of language, but by no means pedants.

Our next misused word shall be "party." Its original and proper use is relative; it implies an opposite party, as in the case of "parties" to a suit, or to a contract. But it has in the course of time come to be used without any sense of relation, in the simple sense of "person." Thus you will sometimes hear, "A *party* came up to me," and you will hear the answer, "It was probably the same *party* who accosted me." This is very vulgar, and one would hope would never be heard except from the mouths of uneducated people. But even in Parliament it is often wrongly used. In a late speech of an eminent statesman, he is reported as saying, "Some sanguine parties have stated," when he meant merely individuals. In these days of popular speaking, a vulgarism will occasionally be heard even in the House of Lords, will occasionally be found even in a State-paper. Even a Queen's speech is not always pure English.

The word "previous" is now an old offender. We may now write "previous," *vice* "before" superseded, so seldom do we hear the good old Saxon word. Tickets used to be taken "the day before;" but now we are told that "tickets should be taken the *previous* day." We used to be told of what occurred "the day *before* his death and the day *after*;" but now it is "the day *previous* to his death and the *subsequent* day." All these are downright vulgarisms. Which is better to say, "the day before Parliament meets," or "the day previous to the meeting of Parliament"? Clearly the former. It is just the difference between saying a thing in a roundabout pretentious style, and saying it in a simple and natural manner. Why introduce a foreign word when a native one is at hand? Is "previous" a better sounding word than "before"? No; it is a worse sound. Why give a learned air to a common thing? Where a foreign word more lucidly conveys an idea, adopt it; not otherwise.

Now it does so in the case of such words as *ennui* or *prestige*; but to adopt a Latin term to express the primal fact of "before" and "after" is a foolish affectation. Nothing is so vulgar as using fine words on common occasions. We debase the word, while we do not exalt the idea.

When Charles James Fox began his "History of James the Second," he determined to use no word not to be found in Dryden. His good taste was offended by the introduction of Latinisms, which he saw only obscured the lively spirit of our native Saxon—a dialect in itself so clear and picturesque, and so admirable in the way of directness and force. The use of this simple and energetic speech became almost a Whig tradition, and was a considerable element of their influence and power. And so in more recent times we find Mr. Kinglake, himself a consummate master of language, in his monumental "History of the Crimean War," attributing much of the power wielded by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright over the masses to their strong and sinewy Saxon English. He says that they did not use "weak abstractions or shreds of Latin," but spoke out bold and plain in idiomatic phrases. They did not say, for instance, "Let not our opponents expect that we will tolerate this inflection;" but they said, "We will stand it no longer."

But while I lay down this as an excellent general rule, we must remember that it is a rule only, and therefore we are to look for exceptions. Latin words, by their greater length, are often of admirable use in giving fulness and rotundity to a sentence. We are to look to sound as well as to sense, for the ear is an importunate organ and requires to be satisfied. Thus the word "conflagration" may be effectively used for "fire." I have myself just written "in more recent times," why did I not say "in later times"? I preferred the exotic word for the sake of its smoothness. We must not give to those who hear or read our sentences a sensation akin to that of eating chopped straw. Our speech ought to glide on like a flowing river, and not to be like the bark of a dog.

After interposing this caution, and denouncing once more a pedantic adherence even to the best of rules, I will proceed to notice some more flagrant vulgarisms. Let me instance the too frequent and uncalled for use of the word "position." It may be termed an elegant and dignified word, and that is the very reason why it is so prostituted by being resorted to on the commonest occasions, and when there is no call for dignity. A tradesman informs the public, by circular, that he is "in a position" to offer certain goods on unparalleled terms, instead of merely saying "he is able" to do so, having purchased a bankrupt's stock. But vulgarisms at length find their way into Parliament, and then the bad phrase becomes current everywhere. Thus a minister is asked whether the government "is now in a position" to declare its intentions, and the minister replies that the government regrets that it is not yet "in a position" to do so, instead of saying that "not having made up our minds we cannot do so at present." Ten minutes later he will be speaking of Germany, and "her great position" in Europe. Thus the commonest and the grandest occasions are represented by the same word. A word loses its lustre by being thus paraded on every trivial occasion: and so does a good saying, a notable instance whereof is afforded by a phrase of Earl Russell, the original of which is to be found in that wonderful inventor of short and pregnant phrases,

"Tacitus." Lord Russell described some one "as conspicuous by his absence." A great run has been made on this phrase by the newspapers. If any considerable person is not present at a meeting where he is expected to attend, he is said to be "conspicuous by his absence." We get weary of a phrase so perpetually made to do duty; it is like a piece of velvet used for common scrubbing, and which soon loses its gloss and beauty.

One may notice a very prevailing misuse of the word "should," by making it do duty for "ought." *Ought* denotes the imperative mandate of conscience, and represents a moral duty or a moral necessity, whereas "should" is a lower word altogether, and only denotes some mere matter of arrangement. Inquirers "*should* address" so-and-so; "Tickets *should* be got the day before;" but "a solemn promise *ought* to be kept." If we say "should," we lower the moral tone, and impair the sense of responsibility. A different idea is best represented by a different word, and it is not well to confuse together, by using the same word, matters of conscience and matters of convention.

There is also a very pervading misuse of the words "attorney" and "solicitor"—or it would be truer to say that there are now no "attorneys;" the genus is extinct, and all are "solicitors." The Judges are, indeed, so vulgar as to persist in using the word "attorney," but now every limb of the lower branch of the law is a "solicitor." The man whose practice is confined to the lowest cases, and who never is entrusted with conveying or cases of property, is, notwithstanding, dubbed a "solicitor." Yet there is a broad distinction between the two branches of practice—there are attorneys-at-law, and solicitors in Chancery; yet the public obliterates the distinction in its love of fine words: just as a "school" is too vulgar a thing to exist now except for the lower classes, and becomes a "collegiate establishment."

Thus, too, you are never asked at table, "Is that *enough*?"—the word is sure to be, "Is that *sufficient*?" A long, lazy Latin word is chosen rather than the more sprightly native word. It is thought to be more "genteel," that most vulgar of all terms, and which has received and well merits the extreme aversion of Professor Ruskin.

I will close this paper with an instance, not of an absolute misuse of a word, but of a *less* proper use of it. That word is "fear." You will hear persons say, "I fear you will be too late." Now "fear" is too serious a word to use in such a connection, besides that, "fear" is a painful state of the mind, and the very mention of it jars upon the feelings. The better term would be, "I am *afraid* you will be too late." Perhaps you will say that the meaning is precisely the same. Not so; the delicate shades of language arise from the feelings, and are not amenable to the coarse rules of logic. G. D. H.

REVOLUTION AND PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

BY SAMUEL MOSSMAN.

VII.

WHILE these dying embers of the revolution were being extinguished in the northern islands, the mikado remained with his great councillors of State at the newly-named capital of Taikéi, but which foreigners continued to call by its old name of Yedo.

In the bay that forms a land-locked harbour to that great city and the adjacent foreign settlement of Yokohama, a magnificent fleet of European and American men-of-war lay at anchor; and the ministers of all the treaty powers had their residences on shore, under the protection of his Japanese Majesty's soldiers, besides the guards of the English and French legations. The year 1868 had just come to a close, when the foreign ministers deemed it a fitting opportunity to signify to his Majesty, through his chief counsellor of State, that they were desirous of having audiences to present their credentials, and give assurances on behalf of their governments to continue amicable relations with the mikado and his subjects. A favourable reply was vouchsafed, and the 5th January, 1869, was fixed on as the day set apart for the reception. Accordingly on that day the whole of the foreign ministers in succession held audiences with the youthful sovereign. The choice of precedence was specially offered by his colleagues to the British minister, when he elected to take his audience last. It is interesting to learn in what manner this State ceremony was performed, as it may be hoped that it is the precursor of an advanced state of civilisation and intercourse with foreign nations that has dawned upon the "land of the rising sun." As we are furnished by an eye-witness belonging to the suite of Sir Harry Parkes, with an unvarnished account of the incidents observed on the occasion, it is worthy of being placed on record to dispel the illusions of imaginative writers, who have depicted such exaggerated ideas of the pomp and circumstance that nowhere have been seen or found among the palaces or retinue of the monarch or nobility of this unostentatious oligarchy of Japan.

Although the Japanese Isles are not far short of twenty degrees of latitude in more southern or warmer parallels than the British Isles, yet in winter they are quite as cold generally, and in the extreme north colder when the winds blow from the Tartarian mountains. The grand ceremony taking place, therefore, in the midst of winter, the procession of our minister from the British legation to the mikado's palace was shorn greatly of its intended grandeur in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. The *cortège* started about noon, and was formed of two companies of marine artillery and marines from H.M.S. *Ocean*, as the advance and rear guards. The mounted escort of the legation rode immediately in front of the British minister and his suite, together with twelve officers of the navy and army, while in the extreme front and rear marched about two hundred Japanese troops. The line of march was admirably preserved from all intrusion, and at the entrances to cross streets ropes were stretched and guards stationed, where large numbers of the populace had assembled to witness the procession. Here we give our eye-witness's simple but graphic sketch of the affair, as follows:—

"The distance from the legation to the palace—about three miles and a half—was traversed at a foot pace under a steady fall of sleet and snow, but parade being impervious to prudence, nobody made use of the cloak his *botto* (Japanese groom) carried beside him, so that we arrived at the palace in a state of utter congelation. Then passing within the massive walls, we found ourselves at last in those sacred precincts so long barred against all foreign contamination. From the outer gate to the inner keep, where the mikado now resides, one traverses fully half a

mile of devious road, threading its way through long lines of huge barracks and *yashikis* (dwelling houses). If these buildings were ever proportionate to the troops they contained, their extent and dimensions bear infallible evidence of the might of a prince who could thus pour forth no mean army from the walls of his palace. Now, however, there is no appearance of life, and through ranges of sombre edifices a universal silence and desolation prevails. Arriving at the drawbridge and moat of the inner donjon some symptoms of ceremony presented themselves in the form of mauve-coloured banners, bearing the mikado's crest, and festooned over the gates and arches. Here all the Japanese officers were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot, but we riding about fifty yards farther reached the steps of the royal residence itself. Ascending these, we found ourselves in a handsome vestibule, or waiting-room, whose walls were lined with beautifully-painted screens, and where—most welcome sight—was placed a long table with chairs and innumerable *habashis* (small stoves), to thaw our frozen limbs. Here we were supplied with tea, cakes, and tobacco. Passing by suites of apartments, looking beautifully fresh and clean—but, so far as variety of furniture is concerned, differing nothing from the furniture of a good tea-house—we entered a spacious hall, in the centre of which, on a raised platform, stood the throne. Certainly, if sombre stillness and ghastly rigour be the distinctive circumstances of dignity, then, indeed, dignity was here personified. On first entering, the throne became, of course, an object of universal scrutiny; but in a moment one was astonished to find that his mind, excluding all other ideas, had become imbued with one morbid question: 'Is it a man or a mummy that sits under that canopy swathed in masses of crape and silk?—whose stiff folds and angles refuse to acknowledge the most shadowy presence of animation?' Certainly it was not without considerable scrutiny, and no small disappointment, that we at length disentangled from among dress and duskiness the features of a worn-out, languid-looking boy, to whom life had apparently already told its secrets and their sequels, and in whose face, whether from training or indifference, no symptom of vitality or interest presented itself from first to last. On either side of the throne stood a line of princes and *kuges* (nobles), who also carried out the principle of stolid immobility even as far as the long wings of their head-dresses.

"Sir Harry having presented himself, did the like for Captain Stanhope, R.N., and Colonel Norman, C.B., introducing all the remainder collectively. Then the chief interpreter, who stood beside the throne, read from a paper the mikado's speech, a few words, inquiring for Queen Victoria's health, expressing satisfaction at the friendly intercourse existing, and hoping that it might always continue undisturbed. Sir Harry, in reply, spoke briefly and pertinently. He thanked the mikado in the queen's name for his gracious expressions, expressed her Majesty's wishes for the maintenance of friendly relations with Japan, congratulated the mikado on his arrival in the eastern capital of his empire, and hoped that the return of peace would tend to the development of commerce, to the mutual benefit of England and Japan. After this we bowed ourselves out, were again served with tea and cakes, and finally started for the palace of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, where a succession of dinners in Japanese and

English style occupied our attention till five o'clock in the evening."

Commenting upon this important event, the "Japan Times"—which publishes the account—ventures to make the following appropriate remarks:—"The immense political and social significance of this movement cannot be underrated. Above all should it be fairly recognised as a pledge given by the party of progress to foreigners, of the sincerity of their professions of friendship and anxiety to assimilate the system of government in Japan to that prevailing in the best governed countries in the civilised world. It is impossible, after so complete a concession, to doubt their wish to adopt a constitutional basis for their future work, and that this appearance of the mikado in public will shortly be followed by the assembly of representative chambers, may be considered almost as certain. But we must be careful not to attempt interference. We must be patient, and allow the able statesmen who have done so much to take their own time for doing more. It is certain that they have had great difficulty in inaugurating these reforms, and have overcome the strongest possible objections to their introduction."

The representatives of the leading treaty powers, seeing that the rebellion was virtually ended, and the hereditary monarch with his government were both *de jure* and *de facto* the rulers of Japan, officially announced the termination of the struggle, and their withdrawal of the neutrality notifications issued at the outbreak of the civil war in the previous year. Thus the mikado was recognised by the foreign ministers at his court, as the legitimate sovereign with whom to treat with in future, expunging the name of tycoon from the articles of the revised treaties. This, added to their formal audiences of his Majesty, has, in the eyes of the Japanese, given to his government a pledge of support of great significance; while his presence in the ancient city of the tycoons has had its due effect in reconciling so eminently conservative a people as the Japanese to the altered state of affairs.

Having performed the duties required of him in resuming the ancient sovereignty of Japan, the mikado returned to his western capital of Kioto, for a temporary sojourn, in order to perform certain rites in honour of the *manes* of his deceased father, and thereafter to take unto himself a wife. After an absence of two months, he returned to his eastern capital of Taokéi, there to take up his permanent abode, and assemble around him the great daimios who have restored him to power; so that the city may shortly again assume its flourishing condition, if it does not excel its population and grandeur in the palmy days of its former master; for assuredly it was, and again may be, what the mikado truly states in his proclamation, "the most populous, and the wealthiest city in the eastern empire," not excepting Peking, the metropolis of China. The latest accounts from thence, report a general improvement since the conclusion of the civil war. The foreign legations are now re-established in more commodious buildings than before. Steamers run daily from Yokohama to Yedo, and a railway is now laid down between them. There is a spacious hotel, also, for foreigners, so that the traveller may enjoy every comfort in visiting the metropolis of Japan.

Notwithstanding this consolidation of the sovereign power, with a central government at Yedo, it was

apparent to the astute statesmen who had accomplished the task, that it was incomplete as long as the great daimios held a semi-independent power in the provinces. Accordingly, Satsuma, Chosiu, Tosa, and other great daimios, voluntarily agreed to surrender their ancient feudal rights into the hands of the mikado, together with their military and naval forces, so as to strengthen the central power, and divest refractory nobles of their physical force to resume future internecine wars. Moreover, in surrendering these rights, the daimios gave up also certain lands from which they derived the large incomes whereby they maintained their bodies of armed followers, each noble retaining just sufficient hereditary domain to enable him to support the dignity of his family. According to the manifesto setting forth these important changes in the realm, the nobles declared that it was to enable their country "to take its place side by side with the other countries of the world." This patriotic sentiment is deserving of the highest commendation, coming as it does from those who have freely given up rank, power, and wealth for the benefit of the State. As a bloodless act in the Japanese revolution, it is worthy of all praise in the cause of humanity; and as a political change in the anomalous constitution of the country, it stands foremost in the advancement of civilisation. On the other hand, it extinguishes a class of nobility who have hitherto prevented the development of the sovereign power of the realm, by absorbing the national revenues to support armed levies for carrying on faction fights. It may now be said that this formidable power in the State is extinguished, and that the daimios as a class no longer exist.

It must not be concluded, however, that the whole body of daimios followed up the movement commenced by Satsuma and his high colleagues. Many of the lesser nobles held back; but, what was important, the higher nobility who gave in their adhesion at the outset, represented revenues valued at more than one-half the aggregate amount of the whole—which in round numbers may be put down at twelve millions sterling. We are not in possession of further statements on that head since then, but from the general progress of the movement few of the wealthy daimios have held back. Hitherto no undue pressure has been brought to bear on those loyal daimios who dissent from the movement to restore their fiefs to the sovereign, but it is just possible this may be done by the great council of provincial representatives which forms what may be called the Japanese Parliament, comprised entirely of the daimio class. On the other hand, the lands and revenues of those who have been disloyal during the revolution—such as Aidzu and Enomoto—have been confiscated. The House of Representatives consists of 276 members, each representing a clan or daimiate, and elected by its councillors. As yet the people at large are unrepresented. Evidently it is intended to constitute it after the model of a European House of Representatives, to which the sovereign communicates his views by message through his ministers. At the opening of the Chamber at Yedo there were upwards of two hundred members present, when the following message from the mikado was read by the president:—

"Being on the point of visiting our eastern capital, we have convened the nobles of our Court and

the various princes in order to consult them on the means of establishing the foundations of peaceful government. The laws and institutions are the basis of government. The petitions of the people at large cannot be lightly decided. It has been reported to us that brief rules and regulations have been fixed upon for the Parliament, and it seems good to us that the House should be opened at once. We exhort you to respect the laws of the House, to lay aside all private and selfish considerations; to conduct your debates with minuteness and firmness; above all things to take the laws of our ancestors as a basis. Adapt yourselves to the feelings of men, and the spirit of the times. Distinguish clearly between those matters which are of immediate importance and those which may be delayed, between things that are less urgent and those which are pressing; in your several capacities argue with careful attention. When the results of your debates are communicated to us it shall be our duty to confirm them."

Thus far has Japan progressed on the road towards Western civilisation, and her desire to enter the comity of nations may be said to be accomplished. Not the least significant step in that direction was the cordial reception given by the mikado to the Duke of Edinburgh during his visit to the capital of that potentate. Not only was the ancient exclusiveness of Japanese monarchs set aside, but the youthful sovereign entertained the young British prince with every mark of respect and cordiality that the seion of one royal house could offer to that of another. It may be said that in their persons the island-monarchies of the far East and far West met in terms of regal friendship, to obliterate the sanguinary memories of the past, and establish amicable relations for the future.

From the foregoing narration of events it will be apparent to the most cursory reader that the revolution in Japan, which has overthrown two great elements of power in the State, and consolidated its legitimate monarchy, was the inevitable result of the foreign treaties negotiated in 1858 with the ex-tycoon, and ratified by the mikado in 1868. In this instance the effect of Western civilisation upon the effete civilisation of the East has been more rapid, potent, and revolutionary than in any instances recorded in the history of European intercourse with Asiatic dominions. In India more than two centuries elapsed before British institutions effectually took root in the country, and it has taken another century to maintain their ascendancy at the point of the bayonet. In the colossal Empire of China, three centuries of foreign intercourse, chequered by sanguinary wars and unsatisfactory diplomacy, have failed in revolutionising its corrupt system of government, beyond the limited precincts of the treaty ports open to foreigners. On the other hand, a single generation has not yet passed away, and we find the monarch, government, and people of Japan, emerging from the darkness of Oriental exclusiveness, to embrace voluntarily the light of Occidental civilisation. Even within the past decade of years we have seen Japan make a stride in the progress of nations, unexampled in the history of the world, within so short a space of time. It augurs well for the future, and if the new policy thus inaugurated can only be maintained and expanded, there is a great destiny in store for the interesting people of the "Land of the Rising Sun."